

The Latter-Day Saints'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

HE THAT HATH AN EAR, LET HIM HEAR WHAT THE SPIRIT SAITH
UNTO THE CHURCHES.—Rev. II. 7.

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THE MORMONS.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED BEFORE THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA,
March 26th, 1850,

BY THOMAS L. KANE.

"O quantus fervor omnium religiosorum in principio sue sanctae institutionis fuit!"
De Im. J. C. I. 18.

(Continued from our last.)

The climate of the entire upper 'Misery Bottom' as they term it, is, during a considerable part of summer and autumn singularly pestiferous. Its rich soil, which is to a depth far beyond the reach of the plough, as fat as the earth of kitchen garden, or compost heap, is annually the force-bed of a vegetation as rank as that of the Tropics. To render its fatal fertility the greater, it is every where freely watered by springs, and creeks, and larger streams, that flow into it from both sides. In the season of draught, when the Sun enters Virgo, these dry down till they run impure as open sewers,* exposing to the day foul broad flats, mere quagmires of black dirt, stretching along for miles, unvaried, except by the limbs of half-buried carrion tree trunks, or by occasional yellow pools of what the children call frog spawn; all together steaming up thick vapours redolent of the savour of death.

The same is the habit of the Great River. In the beginning of August, its shores hardly could contain the millions of forest logs, and tens of billions of gallons of turbid water, that came rushing down together from its mountain head-gates. But before the month was out, the freshest had all passed by; the river diminished one half, threaded feebly southward through the centre of the valley, and the mud of its channel, baked and creased, made a wide tile pavement between the choking

crowd of reeds, and sedgy grasses, and wet stalked weeds, and growths of marsh meadow flowers, the garden homes, at this tainted season, of venom-crazy snakes, and the fresher ooze by the water's edge, which stank in the sun like a naked muscle shoal.

Then the plague raged. I have no means of ascertaining the mortality of the Indians who inhabited the Bottom. In 1845, the year previous, which was not more unhealthy, they lost one-ninth of their number in about two months. The Mormons were scourged severely. The exceeding mortality among some of them, was, no doubt, in the main, attributable to the low state to which their systems had been brought by long continued endurance of want and hardship. It is to be remembered also, that they were the first turners up of the prairie sod, and that this of itself made them liable to the sickness of new countries. It was where their agricultural operations had been most considerable, and in situations on the left bank of the river, where the prevalent south-west winds wafted to them the miasmata of its shores, that disease was most rife.*

In some of these the fever prevailed to

* It is certain that there is no sickness among the present inhabitants of this region comparable to that of 1846.

such an extent that hardly any escaped it. They let their cows go unmilked. They wanted for voices to raise the Psalm of Sundays. The few who were able to keep their feet, went about among the tents and wagons with food and water, like nurses through the wards of an infirmary. Here at one time the digging got behind hand: burials were slow; and you might see women sit in the open tents keeping the flies off their dead children, sometime after decomposition had set in.

In our own camp, for a part of August and September, things wore an unpleasant aspect enough.* Its situation was one much praised for its comparative salubrity; but, perhaps, on this account, the number of cases of fever among us was increased by the hurrying arrival, from other localities, of parties in whom the virus leaven of disease was fermented by forced travel.

But I am excused sufficiently the attempt to get up for your entertainment here any circumstantial picture of horrors, by the fact, that at the most interesting season, I was incapacitated for nice observation by an attack of Fever—mine was what they call the Congestive—that it required the utmost use of all my faculties to recover from. I still kept my tent in the camp line; but, for as much as a month, had very small notion of what went on among my neighbours. I recollect overhearing a lamentation over some dear baby, that its mother no doubt thought the destroying angel should have been specially instructed to spare. I wish, too, for my own sake, I could forget how imperfectly one day I mourned the decease of a poor saint, who by clamour rendered his vicinity troublesome. He, no doubt, endured great pain; for he groaned shockingly till death came to his relief. He interfered with my own hard gained slumbers, and—I was glad when Death did relieve him.

Before my attack, I was fond of conversing with an amiable old man, I think English born, who having then recently buried his only daughter and grandson, used to be seen sitting out before his tent

resting his sorrowful forehead on his hands, joined over a smooth white oak staff. I missed him when I got about again; probably he had been my mourning neighbor.

So, too, having been much exercised in my dreams at this time, by the vision of dismal processions, such as might have been formed by the union in line of all the forlornest and ugliest of the struggling fugitives from Nauvoo, I happen to recall as I write, that I had some knowledge somewhere of one of our new comers, for whom the nightmare revived and repeated without intermission the torment of his trying journey. As he lay feeding life with long drawn breaths, he muttered: "Where's next water? Team—give out! Hot, hot—God, it's hot! Stop the wagon—stop the wagon—stop, stop the wagon!" They woke him;—to his own content—but I believe returning sleep ever renewed his distressing visions, till the sounder slumber came on from which no earthly hand or voice could rouse him; into which I hope he did not carry them.

In a half dreamy way, I remember, or I think I remember, a crowd of phantoms like these. I recall but one fact, however, going far in proof of a considerable mortality. Earlier in the season, while going westward, with the intention of passing the Rocky Mountains that summer, I had opened, with the assistance of Mormon spades and shovels, a large mound on a commanding elevation, the tomb of a warrior of the ancient race; and continuing on my way, had left a deep trench excavated entirely through it. Returning fever-struck to the Papillon camp, I found it planted close by this spot. It was just forming as I arrived; the first wagon, if I mistake not, having but a day or two before halted into place. My first airing upon my convalescence took me to the mound, which probably to save digging, had been readapted to its original purpose. In this brief interval they had filled the trench with bodies, and furrowed the ground with graves around it, like the ploughing of a field.

The lengthened sojourn of the Mormons in this insalubrious region, was imposed upon them by circumstances which I must now advert to.

Though the season was late, when they first crossed the Missouri, some of them moved forward with great hopefulness, full of the notion of viewing and choosing their

* This camp was moved by the beginning of October to winter quarters on the river, where, also, there was considerable sickness before the cold weather. I am furnished with something over 400 as the number of burials in the grave yard there.

new homes that year. But the van had only reached Grand Island and the Pawnee Villages, when they were overtaken by more ill news from Nauvoo. Before the summer closed, their enemies set upon the last remnant of those who were left behind in Illinois. They were a few lingers, who could not be persuaded but there might yet be time for them to gather up their worldly goods before removing, some weakly mothers and their infants, a few delicate young girls, and many cripples and bereaved and sick people. These had remained under shelter, according to the Mormon statement at least, by virtue of an express covenant in their behalf. If there was such a covenant it was broken. A vindictive war was waged upon them, from which the weakest fled in scattered parties, leaving the rest to make a reluctant and almost ludicrously unavailing defence, till the 17th day of September, when 1,625 troops entered Nauvoo, and drove all forth who had not retreated before that time.

Like the wounded birds of a flock fired into toward nightfall, they came straggling on with faltering steps, many of them without bag or baggage, beast or barrow,* all asking shelter or burial, and forcing a fresh repartition of the already divided rations of their friends. Is was plain now, that every energy must be taxed to prevent the entire expedition from perishing. Further, emigration for the time was out of the question, and the whole people prepared themselves for encountering another winter on the prairie.

Happily for the main body, they found themselves at this juncture among Indians who were amicably disposed. The lands on both sides of the Missouri, in particular, were owned by the Pottawatamies and Omahas, two tribes whom unjust treatment by our United States, had the effect of rendering most auspiciously hospitable to strangers whom they regarded as persecuted like themselves.

The Pottawatamies on the eastern side, are a nation from whom the United States bought some years ago a number of hundred thousand acres of the finest lands they have ever brought into market. What-

* I knew of an orphan boy, for instance, who came on by himself at this time a foot, starting with no other provision than his trowser's pocket full of biscuit, given him from a steam boat on the Mississippi.

ever the bargain was, the sellers were not content with it; the people saying their leaders were cheated, made drunk, bribed, and all manner of naughty things besides. No doubt this was quite as much of a libel on the fair fame of this particular Indian treaty, as such stories generally are; for the land to which the tribe was removed in pursuance of it, was admirably adapted to enforce habits of civilized thrift. It was smooth prairie, wanting in timber, and of course in game; and the humane and philanthropic might rejoice therefore that necessity would soon indoctrinate its inhabitants into the practice of agriculture. An impracticable few, who may have thought these advantages more than compensated by the insalubrity of their allotted resting place, fled to the extreme wilds, where they could find deer, and woods, and rocks, and running water, and where, I believe, they are roaming to this day. The remainder being what the political vocabulary designates on such occasions as Friendly Indians, were driven—marched is the word—galley slaves are marched thus to Barcelona and Toulon—marched from the Mississippi to the Missouri and planted there. Discontented and unhappy they had hardly begun to form an attachment for this new soil, when they were persuaded to exchange it for their present *Fever Patch* upon the Kaw or Kansas River. They were under this second sentence of transportation when the Mormons arrived among them.

They were pleased with the Mormons. They would have been pleased with any whites who would not cheat them, nor sell them whiskey, nor whip them for their poor gipsey habits, nor bear themselves indecently toward their women, many of whom among the Pottawatamies, especially those of nearly unmixed French descent, are singularly comely, and some of them educated. But all Indians have something like a sentiment of reverence for the insane, and admire those who sacrifice, without apparent motive, their worldly welfare to the triumph of an idea. They understood the meaning of what they call a great vow, and think it the duty of the right-minded to lighten the votary's penance under it. To this feeling they united the sympathy of fellow sufferers for those who could talk to them of their own Illinois, and tell the story how from it they also had been ruthlessly expelled.

Their hospitality was sincere, almost

delicate. Fanny Le Clerc, the spoiled child of the great brave, Pied Riche, interpreter of the nation, would have the pale face Miss Devine learn duets with her to the guitar; and the daughter of substantial Joseph La Framboise, the interpreter of the United States,—she died of the fever that summer,—welcomed all the nicest young Mormon Kitties and Lizzies, and Jennies and Susans, to a coffee feast at her father's house, which was probably the best cabin in the river village. They made the Mormons at home, there and elsewhere. Upon all their lands they formally gave them leave to tarry just so long as should suit their own good pleasure.

The affair, of course, furnished material for a solemn council. Under the auspices of an officer of the United States, their chiefs were summoned, in the form befitting great occasions, to meet in the dirty yard of one Mr. P. A. Sarpy's log trading house, at their village. They came in grand toilet, moving in their fantastic attire with so much aplomb and genteel measure, that the stranger found it difficult not to believe them high born gentlemen, attending a costumed ball. Their aristocratically thin legs, of which they displayed fully the usual Indian proportion, aided this illusion. There is something, too, at all times very mock-Indian in the theatrical French millinery tie of the Pottawatamie turban; while it is next to impossible for a sober whiteman, at first sight, to believe that the red, green, black, blue, and yellow cosmetics, with which he sees such grave personages so variously dotted, diapered, cancelled, and arabesqued, are worn by them in any mood but one of the deepest and most desperate quizzing. From the time of their first squat upon the ground, to the final breaking up of the council circle, they sustained their characters with equal self-possession and address.

I will not take it upon myself to describe their order of ceremonies; indeed, I ought not, since I have never been able to view the habits and customs of our aborigines in any other light than that of a reluctant and sorrowful subject of jest. Besides, in this instance, the displays of pow wow and eloquence were both probably moderated, by the conduct of the entire transaction on temperance principles. I therefore content myself with observing, generally, that the proceedings were such as every way

became the granduer of the parties interested, and the magnitude of the interests involved. When the Red Men had indulged to satiety in tobacco smoke from their peace pipes, and in what they love still better, their peculiar metaphoric rodomontade, which, beginning with celestial bodies, and coursing downwards over the grandest sublunary objects, always managed to alight at last on their Grand Father Polk, and the tenderness for him of his affectionate colored children; all the solemn funny fellows present, who played the part of Chiefs, signed formal articles of convention with their unpronounceable names.

The renowned chief, Pied Riche—he was surnamed Le Clerc on account of his remarkable scholarship,—then rose, and said:

“My Mormon Brethren,”

“The Pottawatamie came sad and tired “into this unhealthy Missouri Bottom, not “many years back, when he was taken “from his beautiful country beyond the “Mississippi, which had abundant game “and timber, and clear water every where. “Now you are driven away, the same, “from your lodges and lands there, and “the graves of your people. So we have “both suffered. We must help one another, and the Great Spirit will help us “both. You are now free to cut and use “all the wood you may wish. You can “make all your improvements, and live on “any part of our actual land not occupied “by us. Because one suffers and does not “deserve it, is no reason he shall suffer “always: I say. We may live to see all “right yet. However, if we do not, our “children will.—Bon Jour.”

And thus ended the pageant. I give this speech as a morsel of real Indian. It was recited to me after the Treaty by the Pottawatamie orator in French, which language he spoke with elegance. *Bon Jour* is the French, Indian, and English hail and farewell of the Pottawatamies.

The other entertainers of the Mormons at this time, the Omahas, or Mahaws, are one of the minor tribes of the Grand Prairie. Their Great Father, the United States, has found it convenient to protect so remote a dependency against the overpowering league of the Dahcotahs or Sioux, and has judged it dangerous at the same time to allow them to protect themselves by entering into a confederation with others. Under the pressure of this paternal embarrassment and restraint, it

has therefore happened most naturally, that this tribe, once a powerful and valued ally of ours, has been reduced to a band of little more than a hundred families, and these, a few years more, will entirely extinguish. When I was among them, they were so ill-fed that their protruding high cheek bones gave them the air of a tribe of consumptives. The buffalo had left them, and no good ranges lay within several hundred miles reach. Hardly any other game found cover on their land. What little there was, they were short of ammunition to kill. Their annuity from the United States was trifling. They made next to nothing at thieving. They had planted some corn in their awkward Indian fashion, but through fear of ambush dared not venture out to harvest it. A chief resource for them, the winter previous, had been the spoliation of their neighbours, the prairie field mice.

These interesting little people, more industrious and thrifty than the Mahaws, garner up in the neat little cellars of their underground homes, the small seeds or beans of the wood pea vine, which are black and hard, but quite nutritious. Gathering

them one by one, a single mouse will thus collect as much as half a pint, which before the cold weather sets in, he piles away in a dry and frost-proof excavation, cleverly thatched and covered in. The Omaha animal, who, like enough may have died during all the season the mouse was amassing his toilsome treasure, finds this subterranean granary to give out a certain peculiar cavernous vibration, when briskly tapped upon above the ground. He wanders about, therefore, striking with a wand in hopeful spots; and as soon as he hears the hollow sound he knows, unearths the little retired capitalist along with his winter's hope. Mouse wakes up from his nap to starve, and Mahaw swallows several relishing mouthfuls.

But the mouse has his avenger in the powerful Sioux, who wages against his wretched red brother an almost bootless, but exterminating warfare. He robs him of his poor human peltry. One of my friends was offered for sale a Sioux scalp of Omaha, "with grey hair nearly as long as a white horse's tail."

(To be continued.)

THE IRRATIONALITY OF SCHISM AND DISSENT, OR THE ERRORS OF MODERN CHRISTENDOM.

By JAMES F. BELL.

It is an old and well worn saying, comprehending no small degree of practical truth, that "Union is Strength;" and in an age like the present, boasting as it does of "civilization" and the "march of intellect," it is but human to suppose, not only that we shall witness effects equal in their magnitude and real character to the potency of those causes said to be in action, but that union above all other things should characterize the movements of men, and be the strongly-marked feature of the times. Indeed, so much is said and written upon the progress of political, scientific, and religious truth, that were it not for the stern realities of which our senses are painfully cognizant, we might imagine ourselves in another and more exalted sphere, beyond the reach of misery and woe.

Yet, while the splendour and magnificence of human institutions have employed the tongue of eloquence to laud them to

the skies, and while the poet has invoked his muse in praise of so-called modern progress, we look in vain for the general appreciation of those truths which ennoble man, for the practice of those virtues which dignify and exalt our race, and for the development of that condition in which resides national power, social peace, and the well being of humanity.

And what do we behold? alas! the melancholy scene, instead of order,—anarchy; instead of peace—confusion; while multiplied division is the order of the day, and the fashionable failing of the age. In the place of a steady advancement toward Union and Perfection, we behold a downward tendency, which can end only in the utter ruin of all social happiness, and in the total wreck of every institution which owes its origin to the policy of man, and is supported by the arm of flesh. Kings and Potentates no longer feel secure, Magistrates and Rulers lose their influence,

powers and authorities are set at naught, Thrones and sceptres crumble into dust, and society, like the troubled sea, resteth not day nor night.

In the face of these serious and stubborn facts, we are told that the present is emphatically "a religious age," and, that "at no period of the world's history has the gospel been so well understood, or so widely spread as it is now." To the unenlightened and inexperienced this may appear probable, and even true; but to those who are sensible of the unhappy condition of mankind nothing is more opposite to truth. Such persons easily discover that all is not truth and piety which seems so, and the conclusion at which they invariably arrive, is, that of all subjects concerning which men have differed and divided, there is not one upon which they have done so to a greater extent than upon that of religion. Their differences have not been so much upon the questions, whether there be a God, or whether it is right to worship him, as upon the manner and mode of his existence, and the nature and character of his government and laws; and hence, as differences of opinion lead to diversity in practice, some have worshipped the Sun, the Moon, and the Host of Heaven, vainly imagining they worshipped God; others have deified the works of their own hands, and bowed in worship at the shrines of idols; while others, more superstitious still, yet boasting of superior light and higher attainments, do service to a god who has no existence, save in the chambers of their darkened imagery. The birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and the scaly inhabitants of the trackless ocean, still have their worshippers, and even sturdy rocks and unstable rivers have not been lacking in their devotees.

Then as to government, some will maintain that apostolic power and priesthood are theirs by regular descent from early times, even while the blood of martyrs lingers in their garments, and they themselves teach doctrines opposite to truth and virtue. Others, again, deny such delegated power, yet lay no claim to new commissions; and with the unreasoning hardness of ignorance, take upon themselves to teach without authority, save that which they assume.

Some have supposed that *simple faith* in certain doctrines is the sum total of religious duty, as if the *bare acknowledge-*

ment of their divine origin and absolute verity would amply compensate for their *practical violation*. Others have diverged to the opposite extreme, and multiplied their pompous ceremonials until their manifest incongruity has become an irksome yoke to men, and a solemn mockery of God;—but enough, so innumerable and widely opposite are the points of difference, that the humble seeker after truth is confounded and discouraged, and in many instances, driven to the negative condition of Atheism or Infidelity, concluding that "after all, Religion is but a cunningly devised fable, whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity."

Some there are, who urge, as if in palliation of these numberless dissensions, that they differ "*only upon minor points*," but this is not true; for, upon a very slight examination, we discover as the subjects of controversial strife, principles and doctrines, by which the present hopes and future destiny of mankind cannot be otherwise than seriously affected; and, upon a still closer investigation, we find that matters of *little or no* importance in themselves, are swelled into fictitious magnitude, and thus become the most prominent and distinguishing features in those systems to which they severally appertain. But even admitting the plea were valid, it would afford no argument in favour of division; on the contrary, if the disputed points be, as it is said, so "unimportant," division on such slender grounds must be worse than folly; and so far from removing or modifying the prime evil, serves only to spread it more widely, and to originate others which previously had no existence. But this is not all,—if men, acting in the capacity of religious teachers, have so stumbled and divided, as they candidly admit they *have*, upon what they call "*minor matters*," what dependence can we place on the decision of such, when they venture to pronounce upon topics of paramount importance. If they differ upon minor points they are *much more* likely to differ upon *greater*, and, when the superior character of the point at issue is considered, will have a far greater inducement to enter into those subtleties of debate which prove so fruitful in the creation of new schisms.

Now, it is evident that these extreme differences must have had a cause, existing, either in the nature of religion itself, or else in the mental or moral incapacity

of some who have been considered its advocates and disseminators; but, as the very *essential idea*, and *ostensible object* of true Religion is that of *union upon righteous principles*,* it cannot be admitted that the cause lies there; it follows, therefore, that the fault is in men and not in religion, and that they and not the system are to blame. We have now to consider wherein their fault consists; and as this is a point which involves much, and calls in question not only actions but *motives* also, I necessarily feel rather delicate in entering upon it, lest, as is too frequently the case, the reader should take umbrage at some remark which appears to be adverse to some fondly cherished notion of his own doctrinal purity, or rectitude of principle, and should too hastily condemn my reasoning as devoid of charity or truth. Yet, my apprehensions on this score shall not deter me from pursuing the inquiry still further, nor from displaying in its own naked deformity that moral chaos of opinions by means of which this fallen and degraded sphere, has at length become a very Babel of gigantic growth.

As it is self-evident that truth has a character of its own, quite independent of human opinions, it follows of necessity, that there can be but one correct opinion upon any one point or particular. All other opinions, be they ever so plausible, must be false in a greater or less degree, according as they differ from, or nearly resemble the true one. Hence, if any number of persons have *certain knowledge* of any principle or fact, they will perfectly agree thereupon, provided each gives a correct statement of his sentiments and opinions, and is fully comprehended by the rest; and they will differ upon those points *only* of which they have *no certainty*, or when the truth is *perverted* or *suppressed*.

It is, therefore, from one or the other of these causes, (viz.—ignorance and perversity) or from both combined, that the innumerable schisms and divisions of modern Christendom have proceeded. Behold, then, the fearful dilemma in which those are placed who have no other guide than human wisdom; if they trust in the teachings of those who are themselves in error, they are as the blind with blind leaders, and if they yield to the influence of those who *wilfully pervert* or *suppress*

the truth, they give themselves up to a moral assassination.

Almost any opinion, be it ever so erroneous, meets with supporters; it is received by the ignorant without question, while the crafty and unprincipled adopt it as conducive to their sinister and unrighteous ends. In this manner it becomes popular, and is at length established as an obvious and unquestionable truth. Succeeding generations, influenced by the example of their predecessors, and traditioned to believe in the same things, take up the tale where their fathers left it, and follow in the beaten track, until, in after ages the antiquity and popularity of the idea are pleaded as evidence of its truth.

Such is the force of popular opinion, and such the power of continued habit, that men thus born with, and wedded to, their ideas, become as it were impervious to conviction, insomuch that it is a matter of no small difficulty to persuade any one so traditioned, to give heed to anything which appears to come in contact with his own adopted sentiments, and it requires no small degree of faith and independence to enable such an one to change his opinions, and much more to avow that change.

Thus it has been in all ages, and thus the present state of Christendom arose. When, eighteen centuries ago, Christ and the Apostles preached the truth, and sought to regenerate the world, the high and haughty, the ignorant and perverse opposed them, and with a flood of persecution swept them from the earth. When prophets and apostles ceased to be, and the spirit of inspiration was withdrawn from man, error gained ground in the place of truth, the knowledge of those principles by which alone mankind can be united in one common bond was lost, and the earth was filled with abominations and deceit, until there was "none righteous no not one." Ignorant and wicked men then took upon themselves to teach, and to act as pilots on the sea of destiny, but alas! instead of bringing poor human nature nearer the desired haven of felicity and union, they have multiplied their schisms and dissensions until degenerate humanity has become a pitiable mass of antagonistic and discordant elements. Now and then noble spirits would arise, and viewing with sorrow the sad condition of society, attempt a reformation; they preached—

* From Religare, (Latin) to bind together.

they wrote—they laboured with unwearied diligence, and gave their lives a sacrifice; but acting without authority from God, and labouring under the disadvantages of a broken covenant, their endeavours, though well meant, served only to distract society still more, and to add another patch to the already tattered garment of sectarianism. If, with a zeal worthy of the cause of righteousness they advanced with boldness some great truths, they on the other hand gave undue prominence to as many errors, which have been handed down from generation to generation, until they in their turn gave origin to other schisms.

Having shown by what means schism and dissent originated, and how these unhappy conditions have been perpetuated to the present time, I will now take up some of the principal errors of modern Christendom, and endeavour to make manifest their irrationality and mischievous tendency.

First, then, it is maintained by Papists, Protestants, and Dissenters of almost every grade and denomination, that, from the commencement of the Christian era to the present moment the knowledge of the true plan of salvation with its legitimate powers and authority, doctrines, ordinances, &c., has continued among men, and that therefore, from that day to this, the Church of Christ has remained upon earth. Each of these claims to be the true church, and professes to teach the true gospel, yet each is widely different from the other. Papists denounce all Protestants as heretics and deceivers, and Protestants are no less vehement and zealous in their denunciations of Popery; we will therefore examine the claims of each, and decide according to evidence.

With regard to those bodies calling themselves "Dissenters," it is evident from history, and signified by the word itself, that they once existed in union with, and constituted part of some other system, from whose communion they have now departed; now, if the system from which they dissented was a true and pure one, they have done wrong in departing therefrom, and can be viewed only in the light of miserable apostates; moreover the parent system would certainly excommunicate them, and thus leave them destitute of all authority derived from that source; but, if the parent system was corrupt and erroneous, they also must partake of its

imperfections, unless they received *divine revelation* to instruct them in the constitution of their new churches, for human wisdom and authority are entirely out of the question in a matter so critical and important. If they profess new *revelation and authority from heaven* as the basis of their new systems, they have every moral claim upon our most serious and candid consideration; but they profess no such thing, on the contrary, they one and all deny any revelation later than that of John the Divine; hence they have no more authenticity than the prior institution, but are as much in the mud as that is in the mire. The same remarks will hold good when applied to the Protestant and Papal systems. The Papal system certainly has the priority, which the Protestants themselves acknowledge. See the homily on "Perils of Idolatry," which states that "Laity and Clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects, and degrees, of men, women and children, of *whole Christendom* (an horrible and most dreadful thing to think), have been at once drowned in *Abominable Idolatry*, of all other vices *most detested* of God, and *most damnable* to man, and that for the space of eight hundred years and more." See also John Wesley's Sermon upon "The More Excellent Way," in which he says, that "the Christian world had all turned *heathens* again, and there was nothing but a *dead form* left." Now it must be remembered that all Protestants attribute this "abominable idolatry," this "heathenish" state, this "dead formality," to Papal prevalency; they admit also that this state of things was universal for the space of "eight hundred years;" where, then, is the authority for Protestantism? if it proceeded from the church of Rome, and if the Protestant views of Christianity emanated from that source too; it certainly must partake of the impurities of that fountain whence it has proceeded, for it is impossible for a bitter fountain to bring forth sweet water, or a corrupt tree to bring forth good fruit. If, as Protestants maintain, the church of Rome is "*Mother of Harlots*," it is evident beyond all successful contradiction that their systems are the *daughters* of the same. There is only one way to escape from this conclusion, and that is, to prove or give evidence that they have received *revelation and commandment from God* for their new and unscriptural institutions:

but as they one and all deny new revelation, it follows that they have no more authority than the church of Rome, and how much that is we will soon discover. I will premise first of all, that all Papists, Protestants, and Dissenters admit the plan of salvation as instituted by Christ, and carried out by the Apostles, to have been a *perfect and unchangeable* one; if,

therefore, the church of Rome, or any of the others which have descended therefrom, differ in their organization, or doctrines, or powers from the primitive church, it will prove that they are nothing but apostates, and, as such, not to be identified or confounded with the Church of Christ.

(To be continued.)

CHURCH OF NINETY MEMBERS, ESTABLISHED BY ELDER DYKES IN JUTLAND.

AN ACCOUNT OF ELDER GEORGE F. DYKES' TRAVELS, DISCUSSIONS, PERSECUTIONS, AND SUCCESS, IN PREACHING THE GOSPEL IN AALBORG, THE METROPOLIS OF JUTLAND, A PROVINCE OF DENMARK.

Dear Brother Franklin,—While the fleeting moments are swiftly passing, permit me to give you a short history of the times with me since we parted last June, in London. The first of which you are acquainted with, as we proceeded directly to Copenhagen, and there I spent the time in labouring, together with the two other brethren, till the 8th of October, 1850, in which time we had begun a good work, and baptized about forty, when under the counsel and direction of President Snow, I took steamer for Aalborg, about 140 English miles to the northward, where I landed on the 10th, and being short of means, I had to seek lodgings in a very retired place, which, indeed, was poor and exceeding filthy, yet the Lord gave me grace and patience to bear all these things without the least spirit of murmuring, and comforted me with dreams and manifestations of the Holy Spirit, which enabled me to see forward to a better day, for all of which I thank and praise His holy name; but under these gloomy circumstances, I began in faith to lift my warning voice to a very superstitious people, and soon I had enough to do, for the spirit that had for ages lulled the priests and people to sleep under their ancient customs and dead ceremonies was now awakened, and arose like the old lion from his slumbers, and came forth in the powers of darkness, which caused a trembling in the land, such as has not been known for generations past; the people were astonished, their sleep was disturbed by night, and their labors by day; there was something new in the land; it was a voice from on high—a message from that God whom

Holstein Haus, Schleswig, May 4, 1851.

they or their fathers had not known. He that speaks from the heavens, and gives revelations to man on the earth. He it was that had sent his angel to his servant Joseph, the prophet, with the fulness of the everlasting gospel, to be preached to every nation, kindred, tongue and people; and now it had come to them, and something must be done. The Baptists who were there, together with the Swedenborgians, soon learned it was best for them to stand afar off, but this would not do for the Established Church, so I was met by one of their most learned priests, who had travelled much, and had been a missionary in Smyrna, but after the second day they found that fighting against the truth with their weapons, was like small arms against the towers of Gibraltar, so they must have recourse to other means, which they did, and the mob spirit arose, and they surrounded the house where I was, and broke in the windows, and a part of the roof, and raged like the devouring wolves that had smelled the blood of a lamb, but the Holy One of Zion delivered me from their hands, and I came off unhurt; and having failed in their unhallowed designs, I was sent for to appear before his excellency the Mayor; but after many questions, all of which I was enabled to answer according to law, (for I had made myself somewhat acquainted with the law), so that they could find no cause of action against me, but notwithstanding all this, he, (the Mayor) contrary to law, forbid me holding any more meetings, except alone for those who had acknowledged a belief in my religion, until he could send to the king's minister in Copenhagen, con-

cerning these things, which I was quite willing he should do, as I had in person visited the minister before leaving there, and conversed with him on those points. But now the house that I had rented for meetings must lay comparatively idle for some time (which after proved to be over three months), I was now brought under the necessity of visiting in private from house to house and from village to village, to teach the people the way of life and salvation, and thus many times being out ill late, has the midnight hour found me wandering over the snowy hill of Jylland (Yulland), but in the midst of all this opposition, the work moved on, and spread on the right hand and on the left, and calls by letters and messengers for visits were increased, so that I could not fill them all. In the mean time the Baptists had written to Copenhagen for the presiding Elder there, to come and help them, as their church was in danger of being broken up; he having before written to them to follow me from house to house, and show the people the erroneous-ness of my doctrine; so he came, and we met in private, and after a few hours conversation he became so uneasy that he could not stay longer, but appointed a day to meet me with Foltved the Baptist, pre- siding elder of Aalborg, and accordingly we met at one of his old friends, but a comfortable sofa was soon an unpleasant seat for him, so he left in a rage, and now the main point with him was to see that we met not again, and it was interesting to the Saints to see how careful he was not to follow the advice he had given to others; but after this I was one day sitting with one of his old friends whom I had now baptised, and he passing by called in, as the weather was very unfavourable, and seated himself by the stove in the front room, so I came with the bible, and took a seat by the side of him, when he got up immediately and went out, not a little to the surprise and amusement of the family to see their former pastor re- treat in a storm, and this was the last I saw of Mr. Rötter, the Baptist Forstander, although he was about there for near three months after.

But when they could do nothing against the truth, with the bible argument, history, or even the wisdom of this world, (their vain philosophy), the priests began to contend with each other, and to publish articles in the papers, accusing each other

of bad management towards me, and to write against the unlawful course of the mayor for stopping my public meeting, as I had now in private filled the land with my doctrine, and they (as they now said) had not the opportunity of exposing it be- fore the public, while the people were asking, the priests through the papers, of those things which I had said in my tracts were so; one great question with them was,—has the Church of Christ continued from the Apostles days, or was it again organized in 1830? for I had proven from scripture that it was again organized in that year; but the question was not an- swered when I left, nor are there priests enough in Denmark to prove the negative from the bible.

The Baptists now sent to Hamburgh for Mr. Köbner, one of their head men, to come with all possible speed, as it would be the only means of saving their church, for they had done all they could, and even passed a law that any member of their church who should be known to go twice to our meet- ing, or twice converse with any of the Saints, should be cut off from their Church; but still they would occasionally hear and then believe the truth, till their church in Aalborg was principally broken up.

In the meantime Köbner came with those old American lies, of Kidder, Bennett, Bows, of England, &c., and thus armed with the weapons of his master, he met me first in private, and for the first two hours I could not bring him to the Scriptures, till at last I read 2nd Timothy iv, verses 1 to 4, and showed him wherein he was now fulfilling Paul's prophecy, which brought him a little to a pause, and soon we ad- journed, as he had given out word to a few that he would meet me that night in my room, so we met with some of the Saints and some of the Baptists, including their leading members there. We spoke 15 minutes each alternately till about eleven, when they were confused and the meeting broke up, the result of which was the next day (Saturday) two came forward and were baptised; Sunday he spent the most of the day in reading, translating, and ex- plaining Bennett's history of the Saints, &c., which in itself is so unreasonable that many of his members that had come in from the country to hear him, were so disgusted, that in the afternoon they were seen about the streets conversing with each other on the question of, "whether it was a sin or not for them to go up there and

hear the Holy Sabbath profaned with such things as had been read there in the forenoon." Köbner finding that the old lies newly translated did not take so well with the people as he expected, (in particular when read in the church on the Sabbath,) the old leading men met and decided that Köbner should meet me on Tuesday night, in their meeting-house, and accordingly they addressed me a line in the afternoon of the same day of the meeting, without stating the question or the nature of the meeting, but I had learned it from another source, so that when the appointed hour came, I was prepared for them, and they had also given out that a few of the Saints and a few of the Baptists might attend; there were, however, some strangers come in, and they thought they were Saints, and we thought they were Baptists, till the meeting's close, and thus, much to our satisfaction and their disappointment, were there strangers that came to hear the truth.

All things being now ready, Köbner arose, and demanded in a tone of authority for me to prove "that there was in the apostolic church a priesthood, or individual members chosen to officiate in the priest's office, as Joe Smith had organized in the Mormon sect," which, as you well understand, was a light thing for me to do; not only that it was so in those days, but that after the falling away it should be restored again to the earth before our Saviour's second coming. The meeting continued till about eleven, when Köbner arose and asked me how long I wished to hold the meeting; to which I replied as long as you will; I stand here a living witness of the Eternal truths of Heaven, as revealed in these last days, and am at your service to continue here from day to day as long as you please; to which he replied, that he looked upon me as an unconverted man, it was not worth their while to spend the time with me: so the meeting broke up; and the next day at night there were three who came forward for baptism. One thing occurred worthy of notice in the discussion. I had about two months before published 1000 copies of scriptural references, to prove the great work of the Lord in the last days, and they were now thickly circulating among the people, to which the Baptists and Swedenborgians jointly had replied, and ordered 1000 copies to be printed, 200 of which were already struck off and in circulation

among the people; one had fallen into my hands, and during the discussion I used it to a good advantage. Köbner at first denied its being a Baptist production, or their having any hand in it, but I showed him Föltved's name in the first page, standing in bold relief, and asked him whose name that was, and if we could receive the teachings of their own presiding elder, as Baptist doctrine, which caused confusion among them, for he turned upon Föltved and gave him a severe rebuke for his unwise course. The next day Föltved was round to call in all he could that were in circulation, and made a request to his brethren and friends to help him, and burn all that they could find, and he went to the printer's and secured the remainder, which were all burnt, as I was informed by good authority; and now when the Baptists say to the Saints that there is to be no more priesthood, the Saints say to them that they, the Baptists, have not only a priesthood, but offer whole burnt offerings. The next thing of note that occurred was an article in the papers, stating that "Köbner would expose the wicked designs of Mormonism for three successive evenings, in Drammatikken, by reading and explaining their early history in North America," &c. &c. The first evening it was attended by the principal men in the city, and the other two evenings there was quite a falling off; in the meantime, the minister from Copenhagen had written to the mayor to give me liberty to hold meetings according to the late laws of Frederick the 7th, which he did, and wrote me a letter to that effect, and while Köbner was lecturing in Drammatikken, I put an article in the papers, stating that I now had liberty to hold public meetings again; after which, we had good attendance as long as I remained there. But many of the people, particularly the Baptists, began now to say, that because I did not meet Köbner in Drammatikken, I dare not, and I was afraid to have my doctrine exposed; to which I replied publicly by putting an article again in the papers, stating that if Köbner would meet me in a respectable place for such a meeting, I would prove to him and every other that would attend, that our doctrine was in strict accordance with the Holy Scriptures, and that the Baptist church was not the church of Christ; and while the whole country was now waiting for a reply from Köbner, the next we saw of him was his

name as a passenger for Hamburg. This is a short history of my labours in Jylland, where I remained for six months and three days, during which time the Lord enabled me to establish a church there, consisting of one elder, three teachers, one deacon, ninety-one baptized, and two cut off. I also had published 1000 tracts, including our faith, which I circulated gratis, 1000 scriptural references, and 800 chronological tables, showing the age of the world in which we live, and proving that our Saviour's second coming is near. I also circulated about 200 tracts, that brother Snow sent me from Copenhagen, thus have I spent a busy winter, while the goodness of the Lord has been round about me, and his Spirit has not forsaken me, for it is HE that has done the work, for no mortal man alone could do it, and I feel to humble myself in the dust, and offer thanksgiving, and praise, and adoration to his holy name for ever and ever, for his great goodness in sparing my life, and giving his Spirit to the humble, and confirming the testimony of his unworthy servant with signs following the believers. Having bid farewell to the beloved Saints in Aalborg, I travelled 170 (English) miles, and

am now in Schleswig city, among the Dutch, but times are precarious here, no one is allowed to pass the streets after nine, p.m., without a written pass from the commanding general; but if brother Snow does not give me further directions or appoint me another field of labour, I feel a deep desire still, as I have for years past, to search among this people for the lost sheep of the house of Israel, for here are thousands of Judah, and tens of thousands of Ephraim. The brethren in Copenhagen are doing a good work, under the wise and deliberate counsels of brother Snow, but his time is principally occupied in publishing the Book of Mormon, which prevents him from laboring much among the people; he is a man of God, a man of faith, and the work in Denmark prospers under his presidency: but now I close by praying for the blessing of the Lord God of the Holy Prophet Joseph to rest upon you, and all the Zion of the son Ahman, together with the Israel of God in all the world, in the name of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

Your fellow-laborer in the new covenant,

G. PARKER DYKES.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY AND WILL PREVAIL!

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT WILLIAM PHILLIPS, OF WALES. — BAPTISM OF TWO BAPTIST MINISTERS AND A PORTION OF THEIR FLOCKS. — OCCUPANCY OF THEIR CHAPEL BY THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS. — RAPID SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL IN THAT VICINITY.

14, Castle Street, Merthyr Tydfil, April 30, 1851.

Dear President Richards, — In regard to the Baptist chapel, the minister and his flock, which I wrote you about a few weeks ago. I promised then that you should shortly receive good news. I now beg to inform you that we entered the chapel last Wednesday evening, at seven o'clock. I took the minister's chair under the pulpit, and we held a Saints', or rather a preaching meeting; the chapel was crowded with Saints, Baptists, and others, and we had an excellent meeting, and confirmed one member. Two Baptist ministers and some of the flock promised they would be baptized on the following Sunday. Sunday came, and I went through to Treaman, the village where they live, about five miles off; and I put on my black gown, and walked down through the village to the river, and when the meeting was opened by singing and praying, I

called upon Mr. David Rees, one of the ministers, to preach a little; he stood up and spoke as follows: — "Dear hearers, I don't know what is your intention here this morning, but I know what is mine. I have been for years connected with the Baptist denomination, and a minister too. I have been honest and sincere with them in praying to God for the promised gifts and blessings as recorded in scriptures; but have failed to receive any of them up to this time. But as I have said many times before, I have received many comforts and pleasures, and I testify that the sectarians of this age have not got them, because they don't profess to believe in such things. I am determined to join the Latter-day Saints, because they promise them fairly, the same as Former-day Saints, believing faithfully if they are to be had, and that I shall receive them.

Now I conclude, and take baptism for the remission of my sins, and may God bless you all to follow after me, is my prayer. Amen." Afterwards I called upon Mr. David Jones, the other minister, he spoke as follows:—"My heart is full of love towards you all, and it is a day after date for any one to try to persuade me. I have been a minister for many years with the Baptist denomination. I have been believing for years that I had authority in my possession to preach the Gospel, &c., but when perusing church history as far back as the ninth century, I saw that a link has been broken, and also that it was impossible for the authority to rise from the earth, and that it must be restored from the heavens; and who is more competent to restore it than an angel? and now I am determined to become as a little child and be baptized for the remission of my sins, by those whom I really believe are legally authorized. Now I would advise you all to come after me, if you have been clothing yourselves with your best clothes, come now and put on Christ through baptism with me, so that we can say Abba Father, for I want to know God as a child knows his natural father. May God bless you all." The above are their words as near as I can remember. Then I preached a little after them, and said that every one that will live righteously in Christ Jesus will be persecuted. These people have been teaching the principles recorded in scriptures as near as they could, and for that reason they were cut off from the Baptist association, without having even a privilege to speak for themselves. I don't condemn all the Baptists, because I know that there are many good and honest-hearted people in their midst, like every other denomination. And every one that will live righteously, must come from the midst of the unrighteous to the Kingdom of God, that they may receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, and may the God of Heaven bless them. I had great

influence over the congregation. I bore testimony that this Gospel was restored by an angel to the prophet Joseph Smith, and that every body must receive and obey the same before they can receive the gift of the Holy Ghost and be saved. There were about 2000 people present; there were a great many ready to raise a riot, but most of them were on my side. Then I baptized the two ministers and three of their members; there were about twenty who arranged to be baptized together, but circumstances would not permit them last Sunday, but they are coming and many more with them, so they say.

At two o'clock we entered the chapel again. I retook the minister's chair under the pulpit, and after opening the meeting we confirmed the two ministers, and the three others, in the large seat under the pulpit. Afterwards I moved, and it was seconded, and passed unanimously, that brothers David Jones and David Rees be ordained priests, so we ordained them in the large pew also. Afterwards I addressed the meeting upon the duties of priests, for a few minutes, and told them both that what the world called priests are generally more respected than ministers, but that they both must not expect even half as much reverence as ministers now from the world, &c., every body seemed very much pleased, and we had an excellent meeting.

At six o'clock I ascended the pulpit, the chapel was very full of people, a great many have believed. I had an interview with a gentleman that was present after the meeting was over, and he promised he would be baptized soon. I expect many will be baptized in that neighbourhood this week, besides those that have promised. We had excellent meetings all day.

I remain, dear president,

Your fellow servant,

WM. PHILLIPS.

THE MANDINGO INDIANS.

The following account we give, as communicated by a gentleman in the company of Colonel Hughes, who is Chief Engineer of the Panama Railroad.

(From the "Deseret News.")

The following morning, at daylight, we proceeded to Mandingo Bay, arriving about noon at one of the centre islands.

This bay is said to contain 113 islands, which are held in the sole possession of the Mandingo Indians, who do not permit the

residence therein of any human being, not of their own tribe and lineage. Very little is known of their history, and as they themselves are either non-communicative or ignorant, and as it is believed, keep no record of anything, their origin may perhaps never be discovered. They live among the natives, some occupying the islands—some the main land—but all firmly united as a band, obeying one chief, or "old man," who is believed to be endowed by God with all wisdom, might, and power. The government is patriarchal. The "old man" is the spiritual adviser, as well as chief judge in temporal affairs. He is powerful in mind and body, and all his faculties are evergreen. God endows with him peculiar health. He is acknowledged and regarded by his people as the vicergerent of God, and all his orders are obeyed. He is also the great medicine—the cure-all. In cases of sickness or infirmity, they apply to him, and whether relief is obtained or not, the applicants are contented. Colonel Hughes propounded the question, "Upon whom does the office of 'old man' descend at the decease of the present 'old man'?" The reply was "To the next oldest man of the tribe."

Col. Hughes.—Suppose the successor should not be endowed with the same qualities of intelligence?

Reply.—That cannot be; for when the mantle descends, the Great Spirit imbues that mind with all knowledge. The "old man" knows everything.

The main land has seldom, if ever, been approached by foreigners, and nothing is known of it. The islands, presenting one of those geological changes by which the surface of the earth has been modified, are the result of those surprising productions of nature, the zoophites. These coral islands are as beautiful as nature can make them. Under the clear blue water, a variety of forms, of singular and fantastic shape, are glowing with vivid tints of every shade, between green, purple, brown and white, equalling in beauty, and excelling in grandeur, the most favourite parterre of the curious florist. The surface of these islands (at first emerging from the sea, are slightly covered with sands, to which has been added the soil accumulated from the feathers and dung of birds of prey, with leaves and branches of trees washed ashore,) is composed of the lightest mould imaginable. The produce is the cocoa nut tree, which is particularly adapted to all soils, whether

sandy, rich, or rocky. The blessings which are conveyed to man by this single production of nature (the cocoa nut tree) are incalculable. It grows in a stately column, from thirty to fifty feet in height, crowned by a verdant capital of waving branches, covered with long spiral leaves. Under this foliage, bunches of blossoms, clusters of green fruit, and others advanced to maturity, appear in mingled beauty. The trunk furnishes beams and rafters for houses; the leaves make an excellent thatch, as well as good umberellas, mats for the floor, and brooms; while the finest fibres can be woven into fine carpeting. The covering of the young fruit is very curious, resembling a piece of thick cloth in a conical form, as close and firm as if it came from the loom. The nuts contain a delicious milk, and a kernel sweeter than the almond, which when dried, furnishes an abundance of oil, and after the oil is extracted the remains feed cattle and poultry, and make a good manure. Arrack, vinegar, and sugar are also made from this tree. The shell of the nut furnishes cups, ladles, and other domestic utensils; while the husk is of the utmost importance; it is manufactured into ropes and cordage of every kind, from the smallest twine to the largest cables and which are said to be far more durable than those of hemp. Then, what a blessing is the cocoa nut tree!

Before reaching the entrance of the bay, some twenty miles from land, we descried a fleet of canoes under sail, managed with a skill that equals the best Whitehall boatmen, and on bearing down, found them to contain Mandingo Indians, upon fishing excursions. We shipped one canoe with its two Indians, much to the chagrin of the occupants of the others, who kept up a furious jabbering with their unknown tongue. We afterwards learned that the furious talker was a chief presumptive, which, if known at the time, we would have taken him on board.

No pen can describe the exquisite feelings of serene delight that possessed the soul upon approaching these islands. The pictures of early youth, so elaborated in our toy-books, when the young brain takes the first and most lasting impression, were here spread before us. The solitary island, embosomed in the blue ocean—the straight, stern and wavy branches of the trees, brought back to memory those by-gone days of innocence and truth.

We cast anchor near the shore of Campbell's island. No men were visible; a knot of women and children were seen half-hiding behind the trees. Four of our party landed, who were received by the women and children in ominous silence, which produced some anxiety for personal safety; all fear, however, was dispelled upon the arrival of Campbell, who, speaking a few words of English, bade us welcome. He was very attentive, and presented one of the party with a splendid bow and quiver of arrows. Under his guidance we visited the interior of the houses; Campbell's daughter lay sick of a fever; all the household goods were ranged in due order under the head of her hammock, and upon an altar in front, the incense of cayenne and balsam wood perpetually ascended. Our good surgeon prescribed for her, much to the gratification of her father.

The women do not possess one single captivating charm. Their stature is not over five feet, heads large and face broad, with a gold ring or triangle through the nose, huge square shoulders, no waist, all body; their legs exposed from the knees, are encircled by fanciful bracelets of beads, making deep indentations; one above the ankle, one above and below the calf, and one above the knee. The protrusion of flesh between these bracelets, produces pity in the minds of the beholders. Yet it was remarked, that even this was a far less prejudicial practice than that which our American dames formerly indulged in, viz.: the practice of encircling their lovely waists in whalebone compressions—a habit now happily abandoned by all the fashionable beauties.

The men are short and stumpy, not over five feet six inches on an average, thick and square built, and are capable of enduring great fatigue. Their heads are remarkably large and round, features prominent, with all the physiognomy of the Jew.

A question arose as to whether this people be not descendants of one of the lost tribes of Israel.

Upon our arrival, Colonel Hughes distinctly avowed the purpose of his visit, viz.: to make a journey overland to the Pacific; but he was referred to the "old man," who alone could give a reply. The "old man" was accordingly sent for, and on the third day he made his appearance. In the mean time, we had ample opportu-

nities of talking with the natives, and some of our conversations eventuated to our great amusement.

It is difficult to decide whether they are supremely ignorant or excessively cunning. They are careful in answering questions in regard to their country, and are jealous of all foreigners. They have never submitted to any foreign government, and although they are within the bounds of the New Granadian government, they pay no tribute nor admit of any allegiance whatever. We formed some pleasant and amusing acquaintance among the head men, who speak a few words of English, taken up from the crews of vessels that occasionally visit to trade. Mr. John Bull, Mr. Tom Campbell, Mr. Tom Bat, Mr. Tim Baggs, Mr. Toby Dot, &c., &c. proved themselves very complaisant in partaking of the hospitalities of the Orus.

In course of a cross examination, made with a view to get some clue to their early history, the following question was asked:—"Who lived here four hundred or five hundred years ago?" The reply was, "Tim's father." This reply disturbed the gravity of all who heard it. Now Tim is a downright good fellow, and has travelled; he has been to Baltimore, and he knows much of the world; besides, he is the son of the old man, the wise one.

On another occasion, a man with the appearance of sixty years was asked how old he was; he replied, one hundred and twenty-one years. They keep no note of time, and remark no other object than the full moon.

On Sunday morning, April 22, the old man arrived, and, with his grand counselors, appeared in the cabin of the steamer, which was cleared for a council chamber. The old man possesses the most amiable, intellectual, and pleasant physiognomy of any of his tribe, and he presided with great dignity. Colonel Hughes and suite occupied seats in the council. The following talk was then held by means of an interpreter:—

Col. Hughes:—I come from Washington in America. My old man—great chief, chief of twenty millions of Americans—sends me to talk to the old man of Mandingo's great tribe. My old man loves the old man of Mandingo, and sends him his regards.

OLD MAN:—Old man of Mandingo loves old man of America.